

The Alleghanian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

LIST OF POST OFFICES.
Post Offices. Post Masters. Districts.
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Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. SPANE, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10 o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.
Wich Independent—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.
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Baptist—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.
Catholic—Rev. M. J. MURPHY, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 12 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " 12 " " A. M.
MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 7 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " 7 " " A. M.
The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongstown, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.
Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 8 P. M.
The Mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.
Post Office open on Sundays from 9 to 10 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.
West—Express Train leaves at 9.37 A. M.
" Past Line " " 10.09 P. M.
" Mail Train, " " 3.16 P. M.
East—Express Train, " " 8.10 P. M.
" Past Line, " " 6.30 A. M.
" Mail Train, " " 10.04 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Ashley, Richard Jones, Jr.
Prothonotary—Joseph McDonald.
Recorder and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.
Sheriff—Robert P. Linton.
District Sheriff—William Linton.
District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.
County Commissioners—Abel Lloyd, D. T. Storm, James Cooper.
Clerk to Commissioners—Robert A. M'Coy.
Treasurer—John A. Blair.
Poor House Directors—David O'Harro, Michael McGuire, Jacob Horner.
Poor House Steward—George C. K. Zahm.
Maritime Appraiser—H. C. Devine.
Assessor—Henry Hawk, John F. Stull, John S. Rhey.
County Surveyor—E. A. Vickroy.
Coroner—James S. Todd.
Superintendent of Common Schools—T. A. Maguire.

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Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkaid.
Burgess—David J. Evans.
Town Council—Evan Griffith, John J. Evans, William D. Davis, Thomas B. Moore, Daniel O. Evans.
Clerk to Council—T. D. Litzinger.
Borough Treasurer—George Gurley.
Ward Wardens—William Davis.
School Directors—William Davis, Reese S. Lloyd, Morris J. Evans, Thomas J. Davis, Hugh Jones, David J. Jones.
Treasurer of School Board—Evan Morgan.
Constable—George W. Brown.
Tax Collector—George Gurley.
Judge of Election—Meshac Thomas.
Inspectors—Robert Evans, Wm. Williams.
Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

POETRY.

If You Love Me, Say So.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Your eyes, dear one, are like the stars
Within the heavens shining;
Your tresses fair around your brow
Are delicately twining;
And as they fall upon your neck,
They fairly like do play so,
That I can but this question ask,—
"Oh, if you love me, say so."
Your mouth is like a rose bud, love,
With words of pearl adjoining;
Your breath is like the sweet perfume
Of a fair summer morning;
But as I gaze upon your charms,
My trembling heart does ache so
I can but still the words repeat—
"Oh, if you love me, say so."
The fragrant roses, as you pass,
Though in their bloom and beauty,
Within their petals shrink and gaze,
And deem it but their duty;
For they are envious of your charms,—
Oh, why do you delay so?
Oh, when not banish all my fears,
And if you love me, say so?

A FLEET MARRIAGE.

BY AN IRISHMAN.

Lady C. was a beautiful woman, but Lady C. was an extravagant woman. She was still single, although rather past extreme youth. Like most pretty females, she had looked too high, and estimated her own loveliness too dearly, and now she refused to believe that she was not as charming as ever. So, no wonder she still remained unmarried.
Lady C. had about five thousand pounds in the world. She owed about forty thousand pounds; so, with all her wit and beauty, she got into the Fleet, and was likely to remain there.

Now in the time I speak of, every lady had her head dressed by a barber; and the barber of the Fleet was the handsomest barber in the city of London. Pat Philan was a great admirer of the fair sex; and where's the wonder? Sure Pat was an Irishman. It was one very fine morning, when Philan was dressing her captivating head, that her ladyship took it into her mind to talk to him, and Pat was well pleased, for Lady C.'s teeth were the whitest, and her smiles the brightest in all the world.

"So you are not married, Pat," said she. "Niver an inch! your honor's ladyship," says he.
"And wouldn't you like to be married?" again asked she.
"Would a duck swim?"
"Is there any one you'd prefer?"
"Maybe, madam," said he, "you niver heard of Kathleen O'Reily, down beyond Donerail. Her father's cousin to O'Donoghue, who's own steward to Mr. Murphy, the under agent to my Lord Kingfish, and—"

"Hush!" says she; "sure I don't want to know who she is. But would she have you if you asked her?"
"Ah, thin, I'd only wish to be after trying that same."
"And why don't you?"
"Sure, I'm too poor." And Pat heaved a prodigious sigh.
"Would you like to be rich?"
"Does a dog bark?"
"If I make you rich will you do as I tell you?"
"Mille murder! your honor, don't be tantalizing a poor boy!"
"Indeed, I am not," said Lady C. "So listen. How would you like to marry me?"
"Ah, thin, my lady, I believe the King of Russia himself would be proud to do that same, leave alone a poor devil like Pat Philan."

"Well, Pat, if you'll marry me to-morrow, I'll give you one thousand pounds."
"O, whilaloo! whilaloo! sure I'm mad, or enchanted by the good people," roared Pat, dancing round the room.
"But there are conditions," says Lady C. "After our nuptials, you must never see me again, nor claim me as your wife."
"I don't like that," said Pat, for he had been ogling her ladyship most desperately.
"But remember Kathleen O'Reily.—With the money I give you, you may go and marry her."
"That's true," says he, "but thin the bigamy?"
"I'll never appear against you," says her ladyship. "Only remember you must take an oath never to call me your wife after to-morrow, and never to go telling all the story."
"Never a word I'll ever say."
"Well then," says she, "there's ten pounds. Go and buy a license, and leave

the rest to me;" and then she explained to him where he was to go and when he was to come, and all that.

The next day Pat was true to his appointment, and found two gentlemen already with her ladyship.

"Have you got the license?" says she. "Here it is my lady," says he; and he gave it to her. She handed it to one of the gentlemen who examined it attentively. Then calling in her two servants, she turned to the gentleman who was reading.

And sure enough, in ten minutes Pat Philan was the husband, the legal husband of the lovely Lady C.

"That will do," says she to her husband as he gave her a hearty kiss; "that'll do." "Now sir, give me my marriage certificate." The old gentleman did so, and bowing respectfully to the five pound note she gave him, he retired with his clerk; for sure enough, I forgot to tell you that he was a parson.

"Go and bring me a warden," says my lady to one of her servants.

"Yes my lady," and presently the warden appeared.

"Will you be good enough," said Lady C. in a voice that would call a bird off a tree, "will you be good enough to send and fetch me a hackney coach? I wish to leave this prison immediately."

"Your ladyship must pay forty thousand pounds before I can let you go."

"I am a married woman. You can detain my husband but not me." And she smiled at Philan, who began rather to dislike the appearance of things.

"Pardon me, my lady, it is well known you are single."

"I tell you I am married."
"Where's your husband?"
"There sir," and she pointed to the astonished barber. "There he stands. Here is my marriage certificate, which you can peruse at your leisure. My servants yonder were witnesses of the ceremony. Now detain me at your peril."

The warden was dumfounded, and no wonder. Poor Philan would have spoken but neither party would let him.—The lawyer was consulted. The result was evident. In half an hour Lady C. was free, and Pat Philan, her legitimate husband, a prisoner for debt to the amount of forty thousand pounds.

"Well for some time Pat thought he was in a dream, and the creditors thought they were still worse. The following day they had a meeting, and finding how they had been tricked, swore they'd detain poor Pat forever. But as they well knew that he had nothing, and wouldn't feel much ashamed in going through the Insolvent Court, they made the best of a bad bargain and let him go.

Well, you must know that about a week after this, Paddy Philan was sitting by his little fire and thinking over the wonderful things he had seen, when as sure as death, the postman brought him a letter, the first he had ever received, which he took to a friend of his, one Ryan, a fruit seller, because, you see, he was a great hand at reading writing, to decipher for him. It read thus:

"Go to Doneraile and marry Kathleen O'Reily. The instant the knot is tied, I fulfill my promise of making you comfortable for life. And as you value your life and liberty, never breathe a syllable of what is passed. Remember, you are in my power if you inclose me your marriage certificate. I send you fifty pounds for present expenses."

O, happy Paddy! didn't he start next day for Cork, and didn't he marry Kathleen and touch a thousand pounds? By the power he did. And what is more, he took a cottage, which perhaps you know is not a hundred miles from Bruffin, in the county of Limerick; and if a fox he forgot his first wife entirely, and never told any one but myself, under the promise of secrecy, the story of his Fleet Marriage.

VANITY FAIRIES.
Song for the naval artillery—"Columbia, the gun of the ocean."
Going down stairs—entering a country church.

It is one of nature's paradoxes that if you want to keep a coal fire hot you must keep it cooled.

Lexicographic.—Selvage s. A border, edging. The Border States, for instance, Selvage s. Things saved out of a shipwreck. The Border States, for instance.

ON WIGFALL.—It is said that after an exciting debate in the Senate recently, Wigfall was understood to have asked Seward privately for a chew of tobacco, and that Seward replied that he had none but Union Twist; whereupon Wigfall telegraphed to the Southern States that they must prepare for war, as the Republicans would not yield.

Pawnbrokers—Their Origin and Progress.

Somebody, with more money than brains, asked a philosopher, in derision, how it happened that men of wit were so frequently seen at the doors of the rich, and that the rich were never seen at the doors of men of wit.

"Because," retorted the sage, "men of wit know the value of riches; but rich men do not know the value of wit." Necessity, the mother of invention, teaches the needy devices and resources in their many hours of trial, which the affluent scarcely know the names of. He who has never known want is unlikely to provide himself, beforehand, with weapons to combat it. The supply will come to him from somewhere; if the earth and the sea fail, the skies shall rain manna. The poor man with his hungry family has no such expectations. There are hundreds of thousands in the great cities of the world, who subsist upon what they can earn, hand to mouth, from day to day or week to week. Their toil is like that of Sisyphus, and apparently as hopeless. Sad enough it is to see so many such cases, and our only consolation lies in the fact that those bred and inured to constant physical labor, carry the burthen less consciously and painfully than others. We speak not now of the class a remove above; that which owns the ten millions in the Philadelphia Savings Bank, and who, at the end of the perspective, see an old age of comfort in competency. Whoever can save even a dollar a week from his shop, his bench, or what not, need not despair of the latter good fortune, as events have proved. Not so with him who, earning a dollar, is compelled by inexorable necessity to spend a hundred cents, for his own sake or others, for food and fuel and rent and covering. Then, if the time comes that his handiwork is in poor pay, or worse, not wanted at all, or if the over-taxed body gives out for a season, and can dig or grind no more till convalescent, where is the remedy, and whence comes the bread? Here they seek the resource which the rich know little of. The poor wife in her scanty shawl and faded bonnet, or the meagre child in worn out shoes and pieced out garments, takes the spoons, the best dress, Sunday coat, the few bits of poor old jewelry, and hurries around the corner to the sign of the three balls—the pawnbroker's.

Sometimes people much higher in the social scale have recourse to the same facility for temporary relief; yet so seldom, comparatively speaking, that we can regard their cases as exceptional, and the pawnbroker's institution more especially the convenience or necessity of the poorer classes. Now, the misfortune is, that the more people require a certain convenience in life, the higher the price they have to pay for it; a rule which applies with great severity to unfortunates requiring small sums of ready money. In the absence of legislative interference, therefore, and sometimes in spite of it, the interest charged for sums advanced on pledges has been cruelly exorbitant. The class of persons in whose hands the peculiar business appears to have legitimately fallen are, unfortunately, not distinguished for a breadth of generosity in pecuniary dealings, any more than for excited estimates of relative values. It has followed that those, of all others, who can least afford to pay a high price for temporary accommodation, have been made the victims of an usury quite unexampled in other contingencies. A further grave objection to pawnbroker's shops has been found in the temptation they afford to thieves, from their facility of disposing of booty, the risk being indemnified, in a manner, by the extent of profit. In view of these considerations, we must regard as a public benefit the success of the new Pawners' Bank of Boston, which has now been a year in successful operation. This institution is designed to furnish small loans on collateral security at a moderate rate of interest, and, from the condition of its existence, militates directly against the objections we have stated. The directors are permitted to charge "one and a half per cent a month on advances equal to two-thirds of an auction valuation of articles pawned for any time up to six months." They are only permitted to declare eight per cent dividends, and any profits remaining yearly, after such declaration, are to be distributed in the form of fuel to needy persons during the winter months. Thus the extra interest which may be collected finds its way, in some degree, back to the class from which it is drawn—certainly a most excellent method.

Molly was telling an absurd dream, when her mistress exclaimed, "you must have been asleep when you dreamed such stuff as that!" "No, indeed, ma'am," she replied tartly, "I was just as wide awake as I am this minute!"

A Game Mistake.

Many of our readers remember the stately presence, the dignified bearing and imposing manner of Col. William C. Preston, of South Carolina. It was when all those qualities were in their prime, and Preston represented his State in the Senate of the United States, that business or pleasure called him to the West, and to take passage down the Mississippi river.

In those "flush times," the steamers swarmed with hoosiers, greenhorns and gamblers, the latter politely designated "sporting gentlemen," the term gambler or blackleg entailing upon the speaker a pistol shot or a wipe from a bowie knife.

The boat was on the eve of departure, and our Senator, standing on the deck and holding a small mahogany box, was observing, with great pleasure and interest, the busy scene on the wharf, when an individual, luxuriating in a rather ornate style of dress, approached him and in a subdued tone demanded:

"I say, old feller, when are you going to commence?"

"Commence what, sir?" asked the astonished Senator.

"Pshaw! none of that gammon with me! The fact is, a few of us boys want a little fun, and we won't pile on too strong for you; so come and open at once."

"Really, sir," said Preston, "I am totally at a loss to guess your meaning; open what?"

"Open what! Why the bank of course. May be you think our pile isn't large enough to make it an object. But we're not so poor as all that, anyhow."

The Senator meditated gloomily, but all was dark to him, he was plunged into a sea of doubt, and he had never met any problem, not even a political one, so hard to solve.

"Perhaps," broke in his pertinacious friend again, after a considerable pause, "perhaps you will say directly that you're not a sporting man."

"I certainly am nothing of the kind, sir," replied Preston rather angrily; "and I can't imagine what put the idea into your head."

"Not a sporting man! Whew-w! I never heard of such a piece of impudence. Well, if you are not a sporting man, will you please to tell me why you carry that about with you?" and he pointed to the box, which he still carried.

A light broke upon Preston's mind.—"The mahogany box!" he cried.—"He! he! ha! ha!—very natural mistake, indeed, my good sir! very indeed! Well, I will show you the contents." And laughing heartily, he opened the box in question, which was in fact a dressing case, and displayed the usual parade of brushes, combs, razors, soap, etc., which fill that article of traveling comfort.

Our friend looked at the case, then at Preston again. Then he heaved a long sigh, and then he pondered.

"Well," he broke out at length, "I did take you to be a sporting gentleman—I did; but now I see you are a barber; but if I had known it, d—n me if I had a spoke to you."

TRYING ITS COLOR.—I had stopped at a store in Missouri to purchase some little article, when my attention was directed to an old lady who was examining a piece of calico. She pulled it this way and that, as if she would tear it to pieces, held it up to the light in different positions, spat on a corner and rubbed it between her fingers, trying if the colors were good. She then stood still awhile, seemingly not entirely satisfied. At last she cut off a piece with the clerk's scissors, and handing it to a tall, gawky-looking girl, of about sixteen, who stood beside her, said: "Here, Liz Jane, you take 'n chew that, 'n see of 't fades!" And Liz Jane, as in duty bound, put it into her mouth and went to work.

An enthusiastic Union man in California thus closes a business letter:—"California is upright, downright, outright for the Union, whatever its Legislature may say or do. No buzzard, bat, owl, pelican, nigger, bear or wolf flag shall ever flap treason from its folds while there lives a pioneer to pull it down."

The official census of the United States has just been completed, and shows a total population of thirty-one millions four hundred and twenty-nine thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, (31,429,891). Of these, three millions nine hundred and fifty-one thousand eight hundred and one are slaves.

Some men, after reaching the summit of ambition, pull up the ladder by which they climbed, and look down with scorn upon those who held it for them.

"Home, Sweet Home."

An exquisite addition to this beautiful song (and by the original writer of it) is kindly sent to us by a gentleman of this city, saith the *Home Journal*. He thus writes:

"In reading a late number of the *Home Journal*, I saw a touching notice of Howard Payne, the author of 'Home, Sweet Home,' and it recalled an incident which may interest your readers. In the winter of 1833 or 1834, I was dining in London with an American lady, the wife of an eminent banker. During my visit Mr. Payne called and presented her with a copy of 'Home, Sweet Home,' set to music, with two additional verses addressed to her, and these she allowed me to copy. I enclose them for you to print, if you see fit, without mentioning my name. I doubt very much whether the lady to whom they were addressed kept a copy of them."

ADDITIONAL VERSES TO HOME, SWEET HOME.

HOME.

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

To us, in despite of the absence of years,
How sweet the remembrance of home still appears,
From alluresments abroad, which but flatter the eye,
The unsatisfied heart turns, and says with a sigh,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

Your exile is blest with all fate can bestow,
But mine has been checkered with many a woe!
Yet, tho' different our fortunes, our thoughts are the same,
And both, as we think of Columbia, exclaim,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

FIRST AMERICAN POETRY.—There are few boys or girls in this country who have not heard the nursery rhyme sung by their mothers while rocking the cradle:

"Lullaby, baby, upon the tree top;
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come cradle, baby and all."

But how many of them know the origin of the simple lines? We have the following account from the records of the Boston Historical Society. Shortly after our forefathers landed at Plymouth, Mass., a party were out in the fields where the Indian women were picking strawberries. Several of these women, or squaws as they are called, had papooses, that is babies, and having no cradles, had them tied up in Indian fashion and hung from the limbs of the trees. Sure enough, "when the wind blew those cradles would rock."

A young man of the party observing this, peered over a piece of bark and wrote the above lines, which were, it is believed, the first poetry written in America.

A COMING ETERNITY.—And Paradise, Paradise lost, is awaiting you, and stands before you with unfolded gates; and time hasteneth past, and eternity prepareth itself to roll on forever. And the body loses its strength for labor, and its relish for sensual things; and both hasten to an end; and rest cometh, and refreshment in the presence of God; and every blessing of our first parents, with superadded blessing which arises from the sense of dangers past, from the glorious knowledge of redeeming love, and from the certainty of salvation, and deliverance, and eternal security.—*Irvine*.

A girl going to market with a basket of eggs on her head, had them knocked off by a rowdy, for which he was fined, and had to pay for the eggs. When asked how many eggs she had, the answer was:—"When I put them in two at a time, there was one over; three at a time, one over; and when I put in four, five or six at a time, there was one over; but when I put them in seven at a time, they came even." How many eggs had he to pay for?

A rough individual, whose knowledge of classical languages was not quite complete, had been sick, and on recovering was told by the doctor that he might take a little animal food. "No, sir," said he, "I took your gruel easy enough, but hang me if I can go your hay and oats."

A little fellow one day nonplussed his mother by making the following inquiry:—"Mother, if a man if a mister, ain't a woman a mystery?"

"I say, Pat, are you asleep?"
"Divil the slape."
"Then be after lendin' me a quarter."
"I'm asleep, be jabbers."

The partisan newspapers are getting more and more begrimed with dirt every day. Probably that's what they call gaining ground.